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ANSWERING TO ROLL CALL.

This one fought with Jackson and faced the
fight with Lee;
That one followed Sherman as he galloped to
the sea;
But they're marchin' on together just as
friendly as can be
And they'll answer to the roll-call in the
mornin'!

They'll rally to the fight,
In the stormy day and night.
In bonds that no cruel fate shall sever:
While the storm winds waft on high
Their ringing battle cry:
"Our country—our country forever!"

The brave old flag above them is rippling down
its red—
Each crimson stripe the emblem of the blood
by heroes shed;
It shall wave for them victorious or droop
above them—dead.
For they'll answer to the roll-call in the
mornin'!

They'll rally to the fight
In the stormy day and night.
In bonds that no cruel fate will sever:
While the far-famed battle cry
Shall go ringing to the sky:
"Our country—our country forever!"

—Atlanta Constitution.

THE WAR CLOUD.

Gods, so long thought dead,
Flap their wings overhead.
Hover—a war cloud!
Moloch and Astaroth, Loki and Siva,
Eblis, Asmodeus: famine and fever,
Grendel, the low-browed!
Singhalese demons, Hebrew and Arabic,
Ogre and goblin, vampire and ghoul,
From the forest and mountains and grave-
yard and pool,
Greedy or pletoric!
Sweeping and darting,
Thronging or parting.

These make the war cloud:
Diti and Bel al, Nyang and Miru,
African devils, South Sea and Hindu.
These bring the war shroud:
Persian and Saxon fiends, Norse, Madagascan,
Reeri from Ceylon, Typhoon, Azazel,

Beelzebub, Biam (devils from every hell) —
The fire fiend, Ahirman!

Quicken once more, when we
Lapse into savagery,
Hunger demons and spirits of darkness, demons
of flame and of flood,
Storm gods, demons of plague and of madness,
barrenness, and blood:
Demons that devour men's food, with those
that steal men's breath,
Bahman, Abaddon, Samael, with Kali, goddess
of death.

—Harper's Weekly.

HANDS ACROSS THE FLAG.

In times of peace I am a Democrat.
"H'gosh!"
But at present I ain't thinking much of that.
"H'gosh!"
When there comes a foreign enemy to slam,
And the Stars and Stripes are waved by Uncle
Sam,
An American's the kind o' chap I am.
"H'gosh!"

The President who's runnin' things is mine.
"H'gosh!"
He'll find your humble servant right in line.
"H'gosh!"
At present I'm a Yankee through and through,
My politics is old Red, White and Blue
Hurrah for Uncle Sam, and, Bill McKinley, too,
"H'gosh!"

Here's a hand for you, my brother, put'er there.
"H'yinks!"
You're the kind of stuff I honor, so you are.
"H'yinks!"
I'm a good Republican until the day
When our foreign foemen go to gettin' gay —
Then wave the starry banner and put politics
away.
"H'yinks!"

The Consul at Havana town is mine.
"H'yinks!"
He's the sort of chap we need now in our line.
"H'yinks!"
One tent is big enough for you and me,
We've a platform now on which we can agree —
Hurrah for Uncle Sam and Fitzhugh Lee.
"H'yinks!"

S. E. Kiser, in Cleveland Leader.